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CARMEN ACADIUM:

ODE

FOR THE JUBILEE YEAR OF THE REIGN

OF

QUEEN VICTORIA.

BY WILLIAM PETERS DOLE.

Præsentî tibi maturos largimur honores.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK.

A. D. 1887.

17481



I

Wide over land and sea,
Through all the zones of the full-rounded earth,
Where sounds the music of our English speech,
Or men claim British birth ;
Where'er the soil is free,
Nor taint of tyranny
Dwells in the air ;
Where honest fathers reverently teach
Their sons to worship freedom, pure and fair,
Now let glad song arise and pious prayer,
Let merry feast and grave solemnity
Shew to the world a mighty nation's jubilee.

II

For Britain now
Marks with a clear white stone the happy day
That fills the casket of these fifty years,
Since on her ancient throne,
'Mid fervent prayers and brave men's lusty cheers,
VICTORIA first sat down,
Calm and serene,
Wearing upon her fair young brow
The proudest crown
That ever beamed forth stainless honor's ray :
A maiden Queen,
Trusting her people's love and fearing God alone.

III

Through her dominions vast,—
Widened and strengthened by her glorious reign,—
Beats a strong pulse in myriad manly breasts
That glow with generous pride
Her sovereignty to own.
Not upon hireling bayonets stands her throne :
On loyal hearts it rests
Of men free-born, whose truth will still sustain
Justice and right so long as life shall last,
Howe'er in peace or war may turn the uncertain tide.

IV

For wheresoe'er in the whole world
Britannia's fearless flag may be unfurled,
Free as the breeze it sports with are his hands,
And free his mind, who 'neath that banner stands.
From Freedom's chosen seat
Old Father Thames bears grandly to the sea
The spirit and the laws sprung from good seed
Sown broadcast by strong arms on fruitful Runnymede.
O'er wild waves wafted by all winds that blow,
That seed strikes root deep in all soils that know
The tread of English feet :
Where in the Orient
The sacred Ganges from the Abode of Snow
Draws fertilizing streams
To enrich and gladden the broad plains below,
And ancient Indus tells
The march of nations through the misty past,
There the fresh light of Liberty dispels
The hoary tyrannies and darksome dreams
Which all that wide-spread land so long have overcast ;

There Britain's Queen unnumbered millions greet
As Highest Majesty,
With glowing words and gestures reverent
Hailing their Empress just, beloved, beneficent.

V

On Africa's dark coasts,
Where slavery and horrid heathen rites
From age to age have trod man to the ground,
Bearing their flag on high are Britons found,
Teaching God's gospel, stablishing the laws
In which the freeman's inmost soul delights,
Unfolding the Great Charter—source and vital cause
Of the bright glories their loved country boasts.
There, too, has spread the fame
Of sea-girt England's power and Queen Victoria's name.

VI

And where, 'mid Austral seas,
A wondrous island-continent stands large,
Stretching her eager arms out to enfold
The commerce and the arts of distant lands,
Offering her pastures rich, her mines of gold,
To all strong workers who will help discharge
The duties her grand destiny commands,
Catching the influence borne on every breeze
From the dear island home so far away,
Stout British hearts unwavering display
The hereditary love of order that hath been,
And that shall be for aye,
The Empire's bulwark firm, the safeguard of our Queen.

VII

In our own bounteous Canada outspread
 From ocean's shore to shore, o'er half a continent,
 Far as Victoria's gentle rule extends,
 Over fair cities, villages, and farms,
 Where 'mid this New World's natural wild wealth
 Flourish the Old World's sciences and arts,
 Where just laws cover, and no tyrant harms,
 The humblest homestead innocence defends,
 Where a large liberty breeds sweet content,
 And nurtures highest hopes in patriot hearts,
 Where pure religion guards our moral health,
 Lest atheistic breath infect our blood,
 Or false philosophy pollute our souls,
 The current of our love still eastward tends
 To Mother England, like the copious flood
 Lordly Saint Lawrence to the Atlantic rolls,
 By swelling inland seas and noble rivers fed.

VIII

Here, too, the gallant race
 Sprung from brave sires who won
 These pleasant seats from the stern wilderness,
 Cherish the memories time cannot efface
 Of Cartier bold and Champlain chivalrous,
 Of all the brilliant names and efforts marvellous
 Whose story closed when downward sunk the sun
 That saw Montcalm laid low
 By the same blow
 Which left the undaunted Wolfe dead though victorious.
 Nothing but mutual tenderness
 Survives that shock of war:

In accents of Old France are heard to-day
The hearty cheers that echo far,
From lips which falter not to say,
Once and again, again,
Vive! Vive La Reine!

IX

And we, who dwell
By rugged coasts that break the ocean's swell,
Firm as our surf-beat rocks still keep the faith
Our fathers lived and died to hold secure;
Still learn the sacred text that plainly saith
Reverence to God is due, honour to lawful kings;
Still pray, whate'er each fleeting season brings,
Victoria's health and wealth on earth may long endure,
And in the world to come her happiness be sure.

X

Through all the realms that own her sceptre's sway,
Let subjects of that Empire grand wherein,
Whate'er his kindred, creed, or color of his skin,
No trembling bondman draws his weary breath,
No maid or matron fears the tramp
Of hostile legions, no invader's camp
Finds room,—let all display
Their love for the good Queen
Who monarch, woman, mother, still hath been
True to her trust alway;
Who hath kept ever green
His precious memory whom Death
With envious shaft struck from her widowed side;
Who hath to all mankind supplied
Ensample bright of truth and grace and dignity serene.

XI

O'er mountain, plain and sea,
 From stations far and wide
 That mark Britannia's stride
 The globe around ;
 From steep Vancouver Isle to Newfoundland,
 From Good Hope Cape to Arctic shores ice-bound,
 From outposts of her power, like sentinels that stand
 Guarding her people's rights,
 In every clime,
 Let joyous songs arise :
 Wherever Liberty
 Illumes the earth and skies,
 Now let the flags float free
 On towers and heights ;
 Swell now the glad acclaim
 That greets Victoria's name ;
 Hail now the happy time
 That ushers in our Sovereign's golden jubilee.



